CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

'WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES.'

VOL. IX.--NO. 5. **HARTFORD, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1830.** **WHOLE NO. 421.**

CONDITIONS.

THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT HARTFORD, CONN.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A COMMITTEE OF THE

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY ASSOCIATION,

AND

PRINTED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD,

Six Rods South of the State House.

Price Two Dollars a year, if paid within 3 month of the time of subscribing; if not, an addition of 50 cents will be charged.—*Postage to be paid by Subscribers.*

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For the Christian Secretary.

Some objections urged against the Bible, examined: and a few proofs of the authenticity of Christianity advanced.

(Continued from page 15.)

Some who call themselves christians, and profess to admit the divine inspiration of the New Testament in gross, object to certain passages as spurious, affirming that they have been incorporated with the original text at some former period and are now received as the word of God. One has impiously observed respecting a certain passage which did not quadrate with his own opinions, that he would sooner believe that St. Paul dictated one thing, and his amanuensis wrote another, than to believe the doctrine contained in that passage.* How do objectors of this class wish to be understood? Do they mean that omniscience has not discovered these frauds, as they affirm them to be? or that Omnipotence could not prevent their insertion? or that God could give an avowed declaration of his will and the rule of faith and practice to the world, and then abandon it to the mercy of such a being as that very book declares man to be. If such an expression is allowable, it may be said that the wisdom, and goodness of God, stand pledged to keep his unchangeable truth, free from human error. But as this kind of reasoning may not appear satisfactory to such objectors, some of a different description will be adduced to prove, that the books of the New Testament are *now*, what they were, when they came from the hands of the individuals whose names they bear, except those *unessential* variations which must necessarily occur in translating from one language to another, or the *unimportant* omission, or insertion of a letter or a word by a transcriber.

The first argument to prove, that the books of the New Testament have not been altered, is the firm resolution of the primitive christians, who would endure the greatest extremities, rather than deliver up their Bibles, into the hands of their enemies.

2dly. They were read in the churches as a part of public worship, from the first ages, and as christianity gained ground, they were translated into other languages, and some of these translations are still extant.

3d. The heresies which appeared in the infancy of the church, all claiming these books for their authority, and appealing to them as the final judge in controversies. It is evident that all these heretical sects, were a constant guard on each other, and neither of them could have made any alterations in the sacred canon, without being speedily discovered by the opposite party.

4th. There have been multiplied quotations from the books of the New Testament from the days of the apostles, down to the present time: and numerous commentaries in various languages, and some of very ancient date.

These facts taken collectively, prove that no alterations could have been effected in the books of the New Testament.

Two objections commonly urged against the New Testament it is believed are now obviated, and that it has been made evident that the historical books existed prior to any spurious imitations, and that all the books were received into the sacred canon upon satisfactory evidence, by persons best qualified to judge of their genuineness; and that no *designed* alterations have been made in them since, nor *any*, which in the least affect the vitals of Christianity.

A few quotations will now be made from heathen authors respecting the appearance of such a person as Jesus Christ, upon our earth, and the existence of a sect called Christians, which were the subjects of a general persecution when Nero was emperor of Rome.

Tacitus expressly affirms that Christ was put to death in the reign of Tiberius, and when Pontius Pilate was procurator of Judea. Lucian says, the christians deserted the splendid worship of the gods to worship a crucified impostor. Spartianus observes, that Alexander Severus had high thoughts of Jesus Christ, and had he not been opposed by his heathen subjects, would have enrolled him among the gods. The primitive christian apologists, appeal to the acts of Pilate, which according to custom were transmitted to Rome as containing an account of Christ's death. These records must then have been extant, as the appeal was made to those who had the command of the records.

Tacitus in his "Annals" says, there was a persecution of a sect called Christians in the reign of Nero. This prince began his reign about twenty years after the crucifixion. He says there was a "*multitudo ingens*" of these christians, not only in Judea, but also in Rome. Suetonius in his "Lives of the Cæsars," speaks of the christian religion, and calls it a new and impious superstition. Pliny, who was employed in the reign of Trajan, to persecute the christians, speaks of the christian worship, as having gained the ascendency over the idol worship, and remarks that before he put the laws in execution against the christains, the temples of the heathen deities were almost deserted.

We will now briefly state what we gather from the writers of the New Testament respecting Jesus Christ.

1st. He appeared at the time he was expected by the whole Jewish nation, and this expectation arose from a belief of the prophecies, contained in their own Scriptures, respecting the Messiah, and which they knew were written at a period far remote. Not only by the Jewish, but he was expected by other nations also: for wise men from the east came to Jerusalem to worship him. They were probably followers of Zoroastres, who, (as has been observed before) was well acquainted with the Jewish Scriptures. These prophecies were so exactly fulfilled in Christ that he continually appealed to them as furnishing *unanswerable* proof that he was the true Messiah. He also foretold his own death; the manner of it; the one who would deny him, and the one who would betray him, the time he should lie in the sepulchre, and his resurrection. He was continually working the most stupendous miracles; giving sight to the blind—restoring health with a word—causing the sepulchre to give up its dead—creating plenty in the desert—exercising boundless power over the spirits of darkness and hushing the conflicting elements to peace. He spoke of his pre-existent state, received divine worship, and affirmed his unity with the Father. After his resurrection he was seen by many at different times and in different places and under such circumstances that the doubting disciple was compelled to exclaim "*my Lord and my God!*" After his ascension he was seen once more by mortal eyes. Not by a disciple or a friend, or one that loved him: not by one who believed in, or wished his resurrection; but by a cruel, persecuting, young pharisee, at the very moment he was breathing out threatenings and slaughter. And such was the celestial glory which burst upon his sight that he fell instantly to the earth, and cried to that voice which had arrested him, Who art thou Lord? and he received for answer, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.

These, and many similar things are recorded of this glorious personage, and much that he did has never been recorded, as "that disciple whom Jesus loved" has informed us. If it can now be proved that the writers of the New Testament were credible witnesses, it follows that Jesus Christ was what he professed to be, and that the christian religion is a revelation from God, and consequently the Bible is of divine authority.

The writers of the New Testament were either wilful impostors, or enthusiastic or insane persons, or they were honest narrators of what they *actually* saw and heard.

1st. They could not have been impostors. They certainly had no worldly inducement to impose a known falsehood on mankind. They could obtain no honor among their fellow men, by claiming for their master, a man of mean parentage, living in such poverty that he had not where to lay his head; rejected by his own nation, and at length suffering the death of a common malefactor. They knew that the religion which they taught, would be hateful both to Jews, and Gentiles, that they could expect nothing in this world but contempt, persecution, and death. Still they persisted in affirming the truth of what they had related, and suffered for a course of years (in consequence of preaching "Christ and him crucified") incredible privations, hardships, and bodily pain; and one after another sealed their testimony with their blood.

2d. The evidence is equally great that they could not have been enthusiastic, or insane persons. The character of enthusiasm is to believe the most incredible things, without evidence, and without examination. The writers of the New Testament certainly did not believe in the miraculous nature even of what they heard, and saw, without deliberation and examination. They were so slow of heart to believe, that their divine Master seems often grieved at their incredulity. Even John the Baptist had doubts respecting Christ till he was referred to his miracles, as proof that he was the true Messiah. After his disciples had been once miraculously fed with the multitude, they do not appear to believe that Christ could do it again. He told them that he had power to lay down his life, and power to resume it again; that he must suffer death at Jerusalem, and should rise again the third day; still they did not believe in his resurrection; and after many had seen him, one would not believe the fact till he could have the evidence of his own senses. When he was taken and led to trial they were all amazed, and confounded as if they had never been forewarned of any such event. He continued with them more than a month after his resurrection, still they seemed not to believe in the spiritual nature of his kingdom; and in the very last interview which they had with him they inquired, Lord wilt thou at this time, restore again the kingdom to Israel?

It is evident that they received the truths of Christianity into their minds by slow degrees, and do not appear to have entertained a full belief of its divine origin, till after the ascension of Christ: and even then, only by reflection on all they had seen and heard, whilst he was with them. Whatever infirmities may appear in the characters of the writers of the New Testament, credulity, certainly, is not among the number. They exhibit no appearance of a heated or disordered imagination. They relate their story in so cool and dispassionate a manner, that a christian of the present day whose heart is warmed with divine love, can hardly imagine how they could so reign in the natural feelings of the human heart. They speak of the surpassing moral excelleace of their divine master without eulogy; of the cruelty and injustice of his enemies without invective, and of their own cowardice, and perfidy, without a palliative, excuse, or comment. They seem to let the whole story rest on its own immovable basis.

The same evidence of a sound mind appears in their public discourses. They were continually speaking of the life, crucifixion, and resurrection of Christ, to those who were living in Jerusalem, at the time when they affirmed these events took place; and who knew whether they were true or not. If they had been insane, or enthusiastic persons, discoursing and writing of things which never existed, they and their religion must have perished together. But it did not perish, and in a little more than half a century after the birth of our Saviour, christians became so numerous, as to be made the subjects of a general persecution. This persecution took place about thirty-one years after the preaching of Peter's first sermon on the day of Pentecost.

As it has been made sufficiently evident that the writers of the New Testament were not wilful impostors, nor deluded enthusiasts, it follows that they were honest narrators of what they *actually* saw and heard.

The success which attended the first preaching of the Gospel, may of itself be considered high evidence of its divine origin, if two things are taken into consideration. First, the nature of the christian religion and the nature of man. Secondly, the character, situation, and circumstances of the first promulgators of Christianity, and of the first converts to the christian faith. In all reasonings upon this subject, the nature of the christian religion, and the nature of man, must be kept in view: for many impostures have been palmed upon the world, and for a time gained proselytes. The grand imposture of Mahomet still exists, and flourishes: but if examined, its success can all be accounted for upon natural principles.

1st. There was no established religion in Mecca to contend with, and his religion, as he professed, was only an improvement upon those already promulgated; thus artfully soothing the prejudices of different sects. 2d. Its adaptation to the depraved inclinations of the persons to whom it was first addressed, allowing them the full indulgence of their ruling passion in this life, and a future state of the same kind of sensual happiness improved, and made imperishable. Lastly. Its accommodating nature to all men. Mahomet says, "God is minded to make his religion light unto you, for man is weak." It is only the natural course of things, that so depraved a being as man, should wish such a religion to be true, and try to believe it so. Mahomet also was of a powerful and honorable family, and had enriched himself by an opulent marriage. Still however with all these temporal advantages, he made but few converts till he took the sword.

To be Continued.

* Priestly's reply to Price.

From the Christian Advocate.

To the Treasurer of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Grape Island, U. C., Dec. 18, 1829

Rev. and Dear Sir.—In my last, of the 16th instant, I promised an extract from Peter Jones' journal of his mission to the west. The extract is as follows:—

"*Mah-je-dusk, July* 17, 1829.—To-day we part with our affectionate brethren, chief Asance and his people having purchased at Yellow Head's island two excellent canoes for our journey. Our company are furnished with some biscuit, bread, and meat. For a further supply we must depend on what we can on our journey. We have therefore provided ourselves with two guns and ammunition, as also with spears and hooks for fishing

"I feel that our strength and success depend on the blessing of God, and should he honor us with the conversion of one soul, we shall be amply rewarded for all our labour. It is encouraging to us to know that this is the work of God, and that Christians, white and red, are bearing us up on the wings of faith and prayer.

"*Sah-keeng, July* 22.—We arrived at this river in safety, after travelling six days, during which we met with no person. By day we spread our blanket sail to the wind, or depended on the strength of our paddles, as the wind varied, and by night we slept comfortably by the fire, in the open air, or under a covering of barks, as the weather required. Our greatest annoyance was the hoard of musquitoes that frequently assailed us whenever we drew near to the shore. As is generally the practice in travelling with the birch canoes, we kept at a safe distance from the shore lest an unfavourable wind should drive us out to sea. But in one case we crossed a bay twenty miles over, by which we saved ourselves much labour and a journey of two days. At Sah-keeng we found about twenty-five Indians, residing in two camps. We stopped with them part of two days, and held several meetings with them. They listened to our words with great attention, and appeared to feel the weight of the truths which we told them, for several of them wept much, and endeavoured to call on the name of the Lord for mercy. One aged woman, rising from her knees, said her heart was made very glad, and the rest said they would endeavour to mend their lives, and worship the Great Spirit. These Chipeways had been visited by Thomas Big-canoe and Alexander Chief, from whom they heard the word, as also what the Lord was doing at river Credit, lake Simcoe, and other places. By the statements of these converts an impression was then made on their minds of the truths of the Christian religion, and so they were prepared for the reception of the gospel when we came among them. The chief of this tribe we saw at the Red river, or river Maitland. His name is Keke-toonce, the father of Thomas Big-canoe. We spent a day with this chief, explaining to him the truths of the Christian religion. The Lord touched his heart, and when we had finished our discourses, he rose up and said:

"'Brothers! I have listened to your words. I believe what you say, I will take your advice, and worship with you in the Christian religion.

"'Brothers! I thank you for telling me the words of the Great Spirit. I thank you for remembering me, a poor wretched and lonesome man. I have heard from afar that all my brethren around me are turning to the service of the Great Spirit, and forsaking their old customs. I do not wish to stand alone. Brothers! I will arise and follow them—I will be a Christian. It may be while I stretch out my hands to the Great Spirit for the blessings which my Christian brethren enjoy, I may receive a handful of the same before I die.

"'Brothers! becoming a Christian, I shall desire to see my children read the good book. As for myself, I am too old to learn; and if I can only hear my children read, I shall be satisfied with what I hear from them.

"'Brothers! I shall tell all my young men your words so that I shall obey your instructions, and become a Christian. It shall also be my desire to have my people settle where we may learn to serve the Great Spirit, and till the ground.

"'Brothers! I thank you for your visit. This is all I have to say.'

"On parting with this chief, we left his son, Thomas Big-canoe, with him, that he might give to his father, and those at Sah-keeng, further instruction.

"'On the 28th we found another body who were hunting, about half a day's journey east of the river Sauble. We tarried with them three days, discoursing to them about the Saviour of all men. The head man, Kah-we-tah-yaush, said to us:

"'Brothers! you have told us the truth. We are poor and very miserable. We shall endeavour to worship the Great Spirit, that we may escape these calamities you have told us about. Brothers! we are no speakers—we cannot say much. This is all."'

NEW-ZEALAND MISSION.

Mr. Leigh, a Methodist missionary at Sydney, in New South Wales, in a letter dated March 21st, 1829, says:

Several captains who have lately visited some distant parts of New-Zeland declare, that the labours of the missionaries have spread among the natives, far and wide; and that many of the prayers learned by the tribes and native people, hundreds of miles distant; that the one desire of the chiefs at the places they have visited, is to have missionaries; and that they have offered to give the captains any quantity of pigs, potatoes, or flax, for a missionary who can pray, and teach them the way to their God and heaven. Such language and feelings as the above I have heard and seen myself, at a great distance from any missionary station in New-Zealand; and I therefore give credit to what the persons I have seen, say on these subjects. I as firmly believe that New-Zealanders are about to be converted to the Christian faith, as I believe that I am now alive upon the earth.

From the Sailor's Magazine.

Extract from the Journal of the Supercargo of an East India-man.

"Sunday, 17th.—Nothing could exceed this morning, the beauty and splendour of the rising sun. Mingled with the purest emotions of adoration, gratitude, and love, I was favourably reminded of the infinite wisdom, power, and goodness of Him who said, "let there be light and there was light."

The remark, that a good master makes good servants, cannot be more favourably illustrated than in the conduct of the captain of this ship, towards all under his control. Master of his profession,—cool and deliberate, his orders seem to emanate from a mind richly stored with experience. And so happily does he blend the strictest discipline, with kindness of manner, that his crew almost idolize him.

Since we have doubled the Cape, and the wind become steady, and the weather fine, I have often at the close of the day, taken a seat on the windlass, to witness the beauty of the scene, and listen to the "tales of the forecastle."—they are often amusing, and sometimes relate the hair-breadth escape from sinking ships, and the heart-rending cries of "drowning mariners."

This evening the full moon arose with unusual splendour, the effect of which upon the undulation of the water, in the lights and shade surpassed any thing of the kind I had ever witnessed. Under the influence of a scene so beautifully attractive, I involuntarily moved to my accustomed seat on the windlass. In the ship's company, there was a remarkably steady middle-aged man, by the same of Benjamin Somers. From his age, moral worth, and generous kindness to his messmates, he was the favourite of all. If there was difficult duty to perform, Ben Somers was sure to be selected. It being Ben's "watch below," he, and several of his ship-mates, were taking a "cut" from the remains of their dinner. After finishing their repast—one of them says, "Uncle Ben, I often see you reading that bible of yours, havn't you read it through?" "Yes I have read it through a score of times, and with the blessings and permission of my Maker, I hope to do it again. 'Tis to me, Tom, the greatest comfort and the best adviser on earth. Why, I sometimes think it is meat, drink, and lodging to me. For when I am hungry, thirsty, worn down with fatigue, in stormy weather, I read a chapter, relating the sufferings of our Saviour, and I am relieved. My sufferings are but a drop in the bucket, when compared with His. Read but the Bible, Tom, and you'll find it so. But I'll tell you a little about my bible, and I hope it may induce you to read the one the captain gave you a little more, for as sure as you are alive, it will make you a better sailor and a better man. I think it was about eleven years ago, when about sailing from Philadelphia, and having foolishly frolicked away to the last dollar, two year's wages, I walked into a bookstore, to buy some funny book, as I called it—the old gentleman who attended the shop, on my asking for a "funny book," laid down his spectacles, and looking me steadily in the face, seemed to assure himself that I was a sailor. He said, "what part of the world are you going to, my friend?" Perhaps to the South Sea, or to Canton, I don't know which. "And so you want to buy a funny book; well, I will make a bargain with you, I will GIVE you one of the best and most interesting books I have in the shop, if you'll promise on the word of an honest man, that you will read, attentively, every page in it." Now to save the last dollar, Tom, and increase my stock of tobacco, I did promise, "on the word of an honest man, that I would read attentively, every page in it," and I have kept my word. The old gentleman then handed me from the shelf, the bible, which you have so often seen me read. "There," says he, "my friend, is not only the best, and most entertaining book I have in the shop, but the best that ever was printed. Read it as you have promised, and it will make you a better seamen and a better man; and if you have a grateful heart, and don't say so when you return, I'll give you all the books in the shop. But before you commence reading the book as you have promised, let me advise you to learn and say the Lord's prayer, morning and evening; and be sure "to do unto all men, as you would they should do unto you." I shook hands with my old friend, and went on board. When I opened the book and found it was the bible, thinks I to myself, the old gentleman has got the weather-gange of me, but I'll stick to my word, and a blessed promise has it been to me. I have thought of it a thousand times, and blessed my old friend as often as I have thought of it. "To make a short story of a long one, Tom, since I first read through the bible, I have felt better about the heart, I have left off swearing and cursing, I don't drink more than half my allowance, and every body seems to be my friend. And out of nine years earnings, by the advice of "my old friend," I have, at the end of my voyage, put into what they call the "saving fund," half my wages, besides some presents from my owners, which now amounts to upwards of nine hundred and fifty dollars! And what is more than all, I hope I have so done my duty, that when the Great Commander shall order, all "hands on deck, for inspection, I may, with the redeeming power of our blessed Saviour, stand some chance for promotion."*

S. M.

* It is presumed this friendly supercargo means better than he says. With his knowledge of the bible he must remember, that it is not barely doing ones duty that gives him "a chance for promotion." For it is "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but of his own mercy he saved us, by the working of regeneration and the working of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour." Titus iii. 5.

Or as the poet says:

"And when his holiest works are done,
His hope relies on Christ alone."

With this single remark, the unknown writer, will accept, for his communication, the sincere thanks of the

EDITOR.

True magnanimity does not consist in never failing, but in rising every time we fail.

From the Spirit of the Pilgrims.

THE DECLINE, REVIVAL, AND PRESENT STATE OF EVANGELICAL RELIGION IN GERMANY.

[Continued from our last.]

Still God had some faithful witnesses in Germany, even at that period of infidelity The names of those theologians and critics who have distinguished themselves in the defence of truth are too well known to be mentioned here. In the lower classes of society there were humble disciples of Christ, some praying and weeping in secret places over the desolations which they witnessed, and some enjoying communion with their Saviour, in a happy ignorance of what was transacting upon the literary and theological stage of Germany. Switzerland, Wurtemburg, some parts of Prussia, and all the places to which Moravian influence extended itself, were never wholly in possession of the pretended reformers. A happy influence was exerted by another sect, called Pietists, who resided principally in the kingdom of Wurtemburg. A small number of literary men of the first character seemed destined also to make a narrow escape. As they are not generally known in America, it may be gratifying to hear the names of some of them, accompanied with a few brief remarks respecting their characters.

Albert von Haller, the author of the immortal but unfinished poem '*On eternity*,' was one of this number. "It was in the defence of religion and revelation," says a biographer of his, who was himself a professed unbeliever, "that Haller spent the last powers of his mind.—From his youth up, he cherished a deep reverence for religion, and the study of the New Testament had ever been a regular business with him. In his life and writings, he proved a zealous friend and an able defender of revealed truth." In his old age, he was troubled with doubts respecting his state. "Anxiously concerned about his soul," continues the same biographer, and bowed down under a sense of his guilt, it was at last only in prayer that he could find that strength and consolation which he so much needed." The Roman Emperor, Joseph II., on his return from France, took a circuitous route for the single purpose of seeing Haller. Finding him surrounded with books and manuscripts, the emperor asked him whether the labor did not fatigue him, and whether he continued to make poems? "This was one of the sins of my youth," replied Haller; "only a Voltaire can make verses in his eightieth year." Soon after the emperor's visit, a neighboring clergyman called to congratulate him on the honor which he had received. The old man simply replied, "Rejoice if your names are written in heaven." In his diary he wrote, "Somethimg flattering has happened to my vanity and pride, but let me, O God, not forget that my happiness does not depend on man, from whose favor or displeasure I shall, a few moments hence, have nothing more to hope or to fear. Let me remember, that the only true happiness is to know thee, to have secured *thy* grace, and to have in thee a reconciled God and Judge." In December, 1777, he wrote in his diary, "This is probably the last time that I shall use a pen. I cannot conceal it that the view of the approaching Judge is awful to me. How shall I stand before Him, since I am not so prepared for eternity as I think every Christian ought to be. O my Saviour, be thou my Intercessor and Redeemer in this fearful hour. Give me the assistance of the Spirit, to guide me through the awful valley of death, and when I die, may I, like thee, exclaim triumphantly and full of faith, 'It is finished: Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit'." He died in a calm state of mind, December 12, 1777.

John G. Hamann, (born August 27, 1730, at Konigsburg in Prussia,) a man whose superior talents and extensive information, as well as something mysterious in his character and life, have made him of late an object of the deepest interest in Germany is another instance. During his life he and his works remained unknown. It was not until after his death, and at the repeated appeals of Herder, Jean Paul, and Jacobi to the public, that his writings attracted notice. They were sought for, but in vain; they had disappeared, and a new edition is yet to revive them. He deeply lamented the miserable condition of his generation. "Oh," he exclaimed, "what a *negative* age is this! What hosts of *negative* men! All are bent upon taking away, none will give; all seek to destroy, none will build up. There is no seriousness in them, it is all levity; no dignity, it is all railing; no frankness, it is all deception."

Matthias Claudius, (born 1740, at Rheinfield,) shines like the morning star among the small number of literary men who escaped the contagion of the day. He lived, at first, as a private man at Wansbeck, near Hamburg. Afterwards he enjoyed the small income of an office, at the Bank of Holstein at Altona. His literary acquisitions commanded the respect of his enemies; whilst his decided Christian character, and his sound views of the Gospel, exasperated them to a very high degree. At first, his communications appeared in several periodical works, especially in the Messenger of Wansbeck (Der Wansbecker Bote.) Afterwards he collected them, and, with a few additions, published them in four volumes.* They are of a very peculiar kind, but perfectly adapted to the character of a postman, or letter-carrier, which he assumed in the work, although easily misunderstood by readers not acquainted with existing circumstances. He is often humorous, but his humor is never offensive, or inconsistent with the faith or character of a Christian. He exhibits, everywhere, a soundness of religious sentiment, a purity of doctrinal views and a depth of Christian experience, equally surprising and animating. "After the Bible," says Tholuck, "I love Claudius better than any other book." He died in 1815, at the advanced age of seventy-five.

* With the title, "The Work of the Messenger, or Postman, of Wansbeck."

The famous Count von Stollberg was a most interesting character. He was a man of a sound and powerful mind, of superior acquisitions, and of decided and ardent piety. We should be unable to account for his transition from the Protestant to the Roman Catholic Church, had he not lived in an age when the most provoking unfairness in religious controversy, and a settled hatred to vital piety, prevailing almost throughout Germany, seemed to extinguish the hope of ever seeing religion revive in either of the two Protestant denominations. With good people in the lower classes of society, he never came in contact. He was ever ready to bear his testimony in behalf of truth, and deeply lamented the miserable state of things In one of his letters (1788,) he says, "In a certain sublime sense it may be said, that truth needs no defence. But her objective invincibleness is a poor consolation for the philanthropist, and especially for a father, who has reason to fear the approach of times when his children shall have to dwell among baptized, and even among unbaptized heathen. That new-fashioned, half-Christianity, which makes the Son of God only the greatest and best of God's messengers, cannot stand, since the Bible opposes it on every side. Nor can Naturalism endure, that monster of a system, borne up by vapors which every wind may dissipate, and every sunbeam dissolve. But still, decided pyrrhonism (skepticism) and practical atheism on the one hand, and blind superstition on the other, may dwell so close together as to leave no room for religion, and so drive her out again into the desert. However, there is yet one hope left to us. The time may come when true Christians shall unite themselves; when the fatal consequences of infidelity will become conspicuous; and men, chased from error to error, and from doubt to despair, will return to the simple, heavenly wisdom of the Bible." In 1790, he wrote to the well known Jacobi to furnish him with an instructor for his children. "When you write to your brother, or sister," says he, "tell them that I will have no Neologian, though he be as learned as Aristotle, and as wise and virtuous as Xenophon. On this subject I am intolerant. I do not care whether he has studied theology or law, whether he is a Lutheran or Calvinist; *but he must be a true believer in the Gospel. I would rather have an honest Atheist, if there be any, than such an empty talker, made up of belief and unbelief*, as most of our theologians now are."

I shall mention but another individual, Henry Jacobi, who has acted such a conspicuous part in the philosophical revolution in Germany, and who has brought philosophy and religion nearer together than any other metaphysician of his time. Whether he was a true Christian until near the close of life, there is reason to doubt; but he is an interesting character to the Christian observer, a man of high sensibilities, and an anxious, persevering inquirer after truth. He felt the need of something better than what the spirit of his age could give him. He knew it was in the Bible, and in the Bible only, but how to find it there he did not know. He laboured under the common difficulty of philosophical inquirers; religion was too nigh unto him, in his mouth, and in his heart, while he sought it with the telescope through the boundless space of the universe. In the year 1817, he wrote to one of his friends, who entertained similar views and feelings with himself, as follows: "With your complaints about the unsatisfactory nature of all our speculations I most heartily, though sorrowfully agree. I know, however, no other counsel than to speculate and philosophize right on. There is a singular religious commotion in Europe, especially in Germany. I hear much respecting it from travellers who visit me, but can never ascertain any thing definite. Very lately I received a call of the two sons of Bishop Sack in Berlin. They are excellent young men. They hold fast the word of God, and the younger is especially zealous for it. With him I entered into conversation on the subject as earnestly and deeply as I could, in order to ascertain how to get that religion which he possessed: for the requisite directions I thought he must, at any rate, be able to give. He saw that I was sincere, that I concealed nothing from him, and that no presumption, or pride, or vanity, would prevent me from exchanging cheerfully my frail, speculative religion, for one positive and founded on historical facts, as his was. He saw it, and could not conceive why I did not do so. At last he saw no other alternative than to retire into the fortification of his individual experience and feelings, and to shut the door against me." In another letter, written the same year, he says, "My mind now stands thus: I am fully satisfied that *he who wants the piety of the fathers, must want their belief also*. But how I am *to want* that sound, solid, plain piety in such a manner as really to obtain it I do not know." In another place in the same letter, he says, "*There must be something higher and nobler, and capable of being apprehended and possessed by men, and communicated to others, or it is not worth while that a theologian or a philosopher should open his mouth and talk.* I hear inquiries made, on every side, after this something; but I hear no satisfactory answer given to them." Towards the close he says, "You see, my dear, that I am still the same; a thorough heathen in my understanding, but with my whole heart a Christian. I am swimming between two oceans of heterogeneous elements. They will not unite to support me in common. As the one raises me up, so the other always carries me down again into the deep." Before his dying hour approached, Jacobi prayed; and he humbly blessed God for that grace which permitted him to pray; and declaring *grace* to be his refuge and his hope, he departed. May he not be wanting in the realms of peace and glory!

I cannot conclude this part of the subject without adding, what indeed might be presumed, that in several instances a powerful voice was raised against Neologism by the very enemies of orthodoxy. The glaring inconsistency of that system would not remain unnoticed by irreligious men of a sound mind. The following remarks of Lessing, who has written on one of the most outrageous books against religion, will be found interesting. They are mostly taken from his letters, although I owe them to another source. Speaking of the old and new system of theology, he expresses himself thus, "I am not at all of the opinion that the unclean water, which has long since been good for nothing, should be preserved; but I would not have it poured away, until we know where to take clean water. I would not have it heedlessly poured out, I say, and then be obliged to bathe the child in dung water. For what is the new theology, else than dung water, when compared with the unclean water of the Orthodox system! I agree with you, that the old system is false; but I am not ready to admit that it is a patch work of half philosophers and bucklers. There is not a thing in the world against which sagacity has tried herself so well, as against this system. The new fashioned is such a patch work." Again, "There was a wall of separation fixed between religion and philosophy, behind which every one could comfortably go along without incommoding the rest. But what do they now? They tear down this wall; and under the pretence of making us reasonable Christians, they make us most unreasonable philosophers." Again, "Reason must decide, in the first place, whether a book is a revelation, or not; but when this question is answered in the affirmative, and she finds things in her revelation which she cannot explain, this must rather be an argument in its favor, than against it. Verily, the man is yet to appear, who shall attack religion on the one side, and he who shall defend it on the other, in that manner which the importance of the subject requires,—with all the knowledge, all the love for truth, and all the seriousness it demands." In another place he says, "The speculative theologian may indeed be startled by an objector; but may the Christian? No, not he. The former may be perplexed, when the props on which his system rested are struck away. But what has the Christian to do with the hypotheses, proofs, and explanations of this man? If religion exists for nobody else, it exists at least for him;—he feels it so truly and deeply, and it renders him so happy. When the paralytic experiences the beneficial effect of the electric spark; what does he care, whether Nollet is right, or Franklin, or either of the two? The Christian is the bold conquerer, who leaves the frontier fortresses behind him, and takes possession of the country: the speculative theologian is the timid hireling, who dashes his head against their walls, and never sees the land. If Christ is not "*the true God*," then the Mahommedan religion is unquestionably an improvement upon the Christian, and Mahommed was a much greater and worthier man than Christ; more faithful, more cautious, and more zealous for the glory of the one God. For supposing that Christ never pretended to be God, still he uttered a hundred equivocal sentiments to lead the simple into that error: whereas Mahommed was never guilty of such ambiguities." Only one quotation more: "Man is made for action, and not for empty speculation. But on that very account, he is fond of the latter, and neglects the former. His wickedness will always prompt him to do what he ought not to do, and his daring lead him to that which he cannot. Infatuated morals! That which is above your comprehension may exist, but not for you. Turn your looks within yourselves; within you are those unfathomable mines, in which you may lose yourseves with profit. Here learn the weakness and the strength, the secret windings and the bold outbreakings of your passions.—Here organize that empire, in which you shall be at the same time both subject and king."

These were the feelings of an avowed enemy to religion. Here and there a pious man, or of one of a sound, consistent mind would also raise his voice; but they were all drowned. The state of things became worse every year, until 1804, where I presume, is the turning point of light and darkness, and where our *second* enquiry begins.

(*To be concluded.*)

SPEECH OF REV. P. P. WAHLIN.

At the annual meeting of the Stepney Missionary Society, Auxiliary to the London Missionary Society, on the 17th of December, the Rev. P. P. Wahlin, Chaplain to the Swedish Embassy at London, in moving a resolution congratulating Mr. Bennett on his safe return, and lamenting the decease of the late Rev. Dr. Tyerman, spoke nearly as follows:

Mr. Chairman, and my Christian friends, I need to encourage myself by calling you so, when I, a stranger and a foreigner, appear before this respectable assembly, surrounded by so many talented gentlemen, whom this Society has enrolled among its friends and supporters. But, brethren, I salute you, not as a stranger, and a foreigner, but as a fellow Christian and a missionary friend; this is the shibboleth by which, I trust, you will receive and recognize me as an ally. I shall not presumptuously attempt "to gild refined gold, and paint the lily," by pronouncing an encomium on a society so truly Christian in its principles, so Catholic, so charitable, so benevolent; nor indeed, came I to this meeting so much for the purpose of exhorting you, as of warming my own heart by your fire, and of pledging my allegiance to the glorious cause which has assembled us together. It is a privilege, after the cares and turmoils of the busy day, and at the expiration of another year of labor, to retire within the peaceful sanctuary to lift up the heart in praise and supplication to our God, who hitherto has helped us to rejoice at the success with which our feeble efforts have been blessed, and to encourage each other to proceed with renewed activity and zeal.

And when we cast a retrospective view on what has been achieved, how many reasons do we see for encouragement and gratitude to God? This society has been another John the Baptist, to proclaim the coming of the Lord. It has been a favored instrument of God, "in carrying good tidings to the meek, and comfort to the afflicted, in proclaiming liberty to the captive, and loosening the fetters of the bound." Your missionaries have gone out, as sacred pioneers, to make straight in the wilderness, a high road for our God."—They have opened the inspired volume, and made it declare, in new languages and dialects, "the wonderful works of God;" and the holiness of their lives has been the comment on its precepts. They have overcome all the impediments of prejudice, and lukewarmness, and selfish interests. They have humanized the savage and barbarian; they have disarmed his murderous hand: they have sheathed his dagger, changed his sword into a ploughshare, and his spear into a pruning hook; and, while they have raised him to the dignity of man, they have made him a happy, meek, and peaceful follower of Christ.

Where the Gospel has been planted, I see its progress marked by light, and piety, and peace, and all the comforts of civilization.—The Gospel is, indeed, the best, or, if you will, the only civilizer: "emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros." I see around the sanctuary flourishing fields and gardens, irrigated by the dew of Hermon, in the scorched desert. I see neat and cheerful habitations, where godliness, peace and contentment dwell. I see schools, as nurseries for heaven, where flocks of tender lambs are gathered under the protecting care of the Good Shepherd. I see the father, surrounded by his offspring, reading to them the sacred record, which, like the eye of God, looks into every heart; which revealeth the redeeming love, the wisdom, and the power of God in Christ, as the great sacrifice for the sins of the world; which, more faithful than the magnetic needle to its pole, points out, without any variation, the way to heaven; which rejoiceth the heart, and raiseth a Christian in adversity, above his cares and troubles, as the increasing waters bore the ark, and lifted it above the earth. I see the Sabbath set apart, not only as a day of rest, but a day of holy rest unto the Lord. I every where see the cheering indications of that sincere and vital godliness, which, like the rod of Aaron, has both fruit and blossoms, and the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come. I see a sacred and conscientious discharge of all the duties of a man and Christian; the domestic altar raised near the fire-side, and virtue, innocence and industry, guard the threshold of the sacred penetrail, as angels guarded Eden. I see resignation to the will of God, during the most afflicting trials and bereavements, patience in tribulation, rejoicing in hope, and triumphant faith and immortality, beaming in the placid countenance of the dying Christian.

And this is no airy phantom of a feverish imagination. It is a mere imperfect sketch of what this society has realized in all its stations. These are the first fruits of your labors; a few drops, as an answer to your prayers, of a coming plentiful rain, and an abundant outpouring of the spirit. Behold, the heathens are sending you their idols, as trophies of the Gospel; Ethiopia is stretching out her hands to God; Lamas' temples totter; the wheels are falling from the chariot of Juggernaut, and the meek Hindoo is breaking the branches of his palms to strew before the King of Zion. The very adamantine wall of China has received a breach; and we hope, like the wall of Jericho, it shall fall at the trumpet-sound of the everlasting Gospel, and at the storming of your united armies, your holy and impenetrable phalanx.

Such, sir, are now your prospects; and I know that you will say, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, oh God, give the glory." But yet are thousands perishing for lack of knowledge, on whom the kindly star of Bethlehem has not arisen. Yet cries the voice of the enslaved negroes' blood to God.—Yet ascend the sighs and moanings of the Hindoo widow from the funeral pile. Up, ye hosts of the Lord! ye knights of the cross! Go to pull down the strong holds of idolatry, superstition, misery, and vice, yet in "the usurpers" power. Go to emancipate the slave from his spiritual bondage, and make him a partaker of that liberty, with which Christ hath made him free Go, through the sympathetic influence of the mild and peaceful Gospel, to extirpate the atrocious and abominable traffic in human blood. Go to extinguish the horrid flames of the Suttee, to protect the oppressed female, to rescue the defenceless infant, on the plains of Hindoostan, and baptize it in waters more pure and sacred than the wave of Ganges, even the sanctifying flood of Jordan. The well wishes of every honest heart will accompany you, and bid you God speed.

To you, sir, as an Englishman, as a religious and a benevolent man, this cause must necessarily be dear, and near at heart. It has pleased God to make your country the great moral almonry and light house of the world, and it has put a brighter crown on the Queen of Ocean, than the costly diadem and all the laurels of her triumphs. Her religious and charitable institutions have had a most beneficial re-action on herself in fostering and reviving domestic and individual piety and happiness. The various denominations of Christians have immerged their jealousy and prejudices into liberality, good will, and brotherly affection.—Their sacred intercourse has produced, instead of the former asperity, a rotundity of feeling, a benevolence, and sympathy, of which this platform is a pleasing evidence, and where every heart resounds to the harmonious and lovely strains of the harp of David. "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

With so many encouragements, let us, in the strength of the Lord, proceed. Brethren, let not your hands be weak, for this work carrieth its reward with it. To selfishly engross the blessings of the Gospel, would be the basest of monopolies. Freely we have got, and freely let us give. No sophistry can ever reason us out of this sacred obligation. Let not our apathy ask the evasive question, "Who is our neighbour?" It is the destitute and needy, whether near or far. In Christianity there is no "abroad;" all is "at home." And when we commisserate the wretched pagan, let us individually ask ourselves what the honest Quaker so pointedly replied, on being told by an acquaintance that he greatly felt for one who unexpectedly was ruined: "Friend," said he, "hast thou likewise felt for him in thy pocket?" Let no one say to this society, "my property is all devoted for other charities or purposes." Oh, when the constraining love of Christ has opened the heart, the hand will not be closed, nor the means be wanting.

But, brethren, let us above all things, implore the divine approbation on ourselves, and on our labors: since in the spiritual, as in the material world, there is no vegetation without God's blessing. While Moses lifted up his hands, Israel prevailed; but when he let them down, Amalek prevailed. This will be our case. While we are lifting up our hands to God in praise and supplications, we shall be able to overcome every obstacle and every foe; but when our hands are heavy, we become defenceless in the conflict, and our defeat is certain. Let us swear a sacred war against all enemies of God, from generation to generation. In this warfare there is no neutrality, and no retreat. In the name of God we will raise our banners. "Christ, and his right," shall be our watchword. The battle is the Lord's, who giveth victory, and unto him shall the honour and glory be ascribed forever.

Permit me, sir, before I sit down, to congratulate yourself and this assembly, on the presence of that highly respectable gentleman, to whom this resolution refers, and who appears before us this evening as a living monument of the protecting care of Providence.—He has before been announced to this meeting as having visited the operations of the society around the globe, which, with the gigantic arms, it has encompassed; and which, for your benevolence, has not been found too wide. He did, indeed, set out to circumnavigate the globe, not in quest of the gold of Ophir, but of a pearl of infinitely greater price; not to find out a passage through the icy masses of the arctic pole, but to the frozen heart of the savage heathen; not for discovering a new world, to entail on it the crimes and curses of the old, but to visit, benefit, and bless those sacred colonies, which the enterprising spirit of Christian charity has founded in far distant regions. We praise God, and rejoice to see him safe returned among us; but this joy is is like an April sun, which smiles through tears. Alas! the mournful day has devolved on him to bring us, with the olive leaf, a cypress branch, broken on the distant grave to which he has consigned that dear and venerable friend, who shared in his perils, his anxieties, and joy, and fell another willing sacrifice to this glorious cause. Peaceful be thy slumber, thou faithful servant of the Lord! Thy name shall be thy monument, and thy grave a dear and sacred spot to many a future pilgrim.

BIBLE CAUSE.

Alabama.—At a late meeting of the Alabama Bible Society, when Gov. Moore officiated as President, a plan was proposed to supply the destitute of the state with the Bible. It is, however, submitted to a Convention of delegates from different parts of the State, to be held in March, at Tuscaloosa. The counties have reported themselves as fully supplied already.

PHILADELPHIA FEMALE SCHOOL IN GREECE.—Miss Mary Ann Ely acknowledges in the Philadelphian, the receipt of $843,89 from different sources, towards the support of a school in Greece, to bear the above name, and to be under the superintendence of the Rev. Jonas King, for the special purpose of training up teachers for their own sex.

BIBLE.—There are 930 chapters in the Old Testament. It would take 2 years, 6 months, 3 weeks and 5 days to read it through, at one chapter a day. The New Testament has 260 chapters. It would, in the same mode, take 8 months, 3 weeks, and 5 days to read it.

An officer in the U. S. Army, at the Sault de St. Marie, has translated the greater portion of the Bible into the language of the Chippewas. The narrations in Genesis strike the Indians as agreeing with their traditions. Some persons have heretofore endeavored to identify the Indians with the lost tribes of Israel.

VALUE OF LEARNING.

The skill of any liberal art is valuable as a handsome ornament, as a harmless divertisement, as a useful instrument upon occasions, as preferable to all other accomplishments and advantages of person or fortune; for who would not purchase any kind of such knowledge at any rate; who would sell it for any price; who would not choose rather to be deformed or impotent in his body, than to have a misshapen and weak mind; to have rather a lank purse than an empty brain; to have no title at all, than no worth to bear it out? If any would, he is not of Solomon's mind; for of wisdom, he saith, "The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold; she is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her."—DR. BARROW.

ADMONITION.

Once a day, especially in the early years of life and study, examine what new ideas you have gained, and what advances you have made in any part of knowledge, and let no day, if possible, pass away without some intellectual gain. It was a sacred rule among the Pythagoreans, that they should every evening turn thrice over the actions and affairs of the day, and examine what their conduct had been, what they had done, and what they had neglected—assured that by this method they would make a rapid progress in the path of knowledge and virtue.

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.
HARTFORD, FEBRUARY 20, 1830.

We copy the following from the Southern Religious Intelligencer—a paper known as a strong advocate for the doctrines and practices of the Presbyterian Church; and which has *sometimes*, in our opinion, shown more of zeal in support of certain premises, than of Christian forbearance and charity, which are so necessary to give weight to the professions which it has made.

It gives us no pleasure to exhibit traits of conduct in the editors of Religious Journals, which are inconsistent with the principles by which all should be governed; but when such conduct is persevered in, to the injury of the good name or prosperity of the Baptist denomination, we think that we need no apology for respectfully admonishing such editor of his fault. It is not our design to specify any one particular instance, in which Mr. Converse has greatly erred from the truth; but a general course of conduct has been pursued, calculated to make an impression on the public mind, that a great proportion of the learning, and wisdom, and zeal, and Christian liberality, which are among us, belong to Presbyterians; and representing others as ignorant, perverse, and as not assisting in the great operations which are now in progress, for the benefit of mankind. At one wholesale sweep, the Baptist and Methodist Preachers at the South were put down as ignorant; and complaint was made, that the people, having been accustomed to hear the preaching of ignorant men, were not willing to listen to the Presbyterian missionaries of adequate qualifications.

The editor of the Columbian Star immediately repelled the charge as regarded the Baptist Preachers; and probably it might have been as well for the cause of missions, and for the Gospel qualifications of the young men who made the complaint of not gaining the ears of the people, if such charge had not been published. We desire to bless God for the good which is produced, from whatever source it proceeds; and while we willingly award to the Presbyterians a meed of praise for their liberality and zeal, in promoting useful objects, we do not think it necessary to anathematize other Christians, who have done less; or rather, who do not consider themselves as *exclusively* the benefactors of mankind. Were it necessary to make invidious comparisons, we might name a Baptist Minister, emanating from this state, who within the last 12 years, has not been exceeded in his exertions in the West, to forward the Bible, Tract, and Sabbath School objects; and in labours in preaching the Gospel, has not been a whit behind the chiefest—and this at a very small expense of means.

But we would turn the attention of the reader, to the following letter and remarks; and with regard to the equality of all denominations, our patrons in this portion of country, are fully able to appreciate the professions here alluded to. The writer of this letter seemed to have had a great weight to sustain, and is probably the first among the few; we should extremely regret the failure of any good object in which he is engaged.

Our opinion of Mr. Campbell is not more favourable than is that expressed by this gentleman. But was it becoming him, at one flourish of his pen, to pronounce a sentence of condemnation against the great body of Baptists in the state?

"Their preaching about *immersion*, has prepared very many to swallow *Campbellism*, with all its monstrous errors and absurdities." Does the writer of this letter know, that the most able lexicographers have determined, that Baptism is immersion? and that this has been conceded by the editors of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, and the Encyclopedia Americana?—And are the Baptists to be arraigned for preaching as Christ directed? We would respectfully ask the editors of the Baptist Recorder, and of the Baptist Herald, whether the Baptists in Kentucky are really in the dreadful plight, in which our letter writer places them.

THE MEMORIALS.

LETTER FROM KENTUCKY.

"Since the last number of this paper was issued, a letter has been received by a gentleman in this city from his friend in Kentucky, under date of Jan. 15, 1830, the express object of which is to obtain a copy of the memorials to the General Assembly of Va. which we are now republishing. The following are extracts from this letter:

"I wish you, *the moment you read this*, to find and send me by mail a copy of the Memorials of the Presbyterians against an establishment. * * I have lost my copy, and the old charges have been renewed in the west. I am preparing some numbers for the Presbyterian Advocate, and wish to get said memorials as soon as possible.

* * The Presbyterians are few in the West, and as the burthen of sustaining all the national institutions, lies mainly on us, there are great efforts made to put us down. The old lies about an establishment are repeated. We must have more light thrown on the part we have taken."

This is what is wanting: it is more light: and the light must shine in the darkness, and if "the darkness comprehendeth it not," we hope it will be dispelled. We wish the whole history of the part taken by the Presbyterian church in the cause of religious liberty, and the present views and opinions of its members, may be laid before the public in a form that shall reach the great mass of the people. And we will unite with the firm and judicious opposers of religious establishments, in exposing priestcraft, hypocrisy and religious despotism, wherever we can find them, in the church or out of it. This work should be done fearlessly, without a mask, in the open face of day. In the mean time, we invite the attention of coadjutors in the views of Presbyterians on this subject, which they may find in the memorials on the first page of this paper. We give another extract from the letter above mentioned; it is a notice of

CAMPBELLISM IN THE WEST.

He [Mr. Campbell] has spread his notions to a great extent in Ky. Almost all the Baptist churches are more or less affected. Such a state of things was to be expected from the course taken by the Baptists. Their preaching about immersion has prepared very many to swallow *Campbellism* with all its monstrous errors and absurdities. A purifying work is going on in their churches, but *the amount of dross is fearful!* A large part of the errors, is the *Old New Light* errors, over again. It then ended in shakerism. Where it it will now end, the Lord only knows. As far as I know, they are opposed to all the great national institutions, and are getting up memorials *against* stopping the mail on the Sabbath."

We have received the first No. of the "Baptist Herald and Georgetown Literary Gazette," Published monthly, at Georgetown, Kentucky. Edited by Uriel B. Chambers & Co. The motto is very appropriate at the present time—*Be not carried about by every wind of doctrine.*

We are pleased to witness the establishment of presses, for the dissemination of sound principles, and the religious intelligence of the day. It is to be hoped that these means will be blessed, in establishing truth, and uprooting error.

CICERONEAN LYCEUM.

Question for debate on Monday evening next,—'*Are Banking Institutions beneficial to this country?*'

THE PARENT'S GIFT, OR YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

The Second Number of this interesting work has just been received. As we have had some inquiries concerning it, perhaps we cannot better answer them, than by giving the following advertisement from its cover:—

'The Subscriber has been impressed, for a considerable time, with the necessity of a *Youth's* Magazine, for the Baptist denomination, combining cheapness and utility.—No such work exists among us that has claims to an extended circulation. He has therefore published the first number of a work with the above title, which, with the divine blessing, he intends to continue on the terms specified below. For a year and a half he has prefixed to the Tract Magazine, the publication of which devolves on him, a Youth's Department, which has been favourably received. Several judicious friends have suggested the need of a distinct work for children and youth, and that the Youth's might be published apart from the Tract department.—That plan has been resolved upon. The Youth's Department of the Tract Magazine will be enlarged to *twelve* pages, and as many copies of it printed separate from the remainder as the demand shall require. Thus those who take the Tract Magazine will receive the Parent's Gift, and those who wish to obtain the Gift only, can be supplied.

The Editor respectfully and earnestly requests parents, ministers of the gospel, Sabbath School teachers and others to aid him not only by becoming the patrons of the work, but also by contributing short pieces for publication suited to interest and instruct the young.

All orders for it must be addressed, *postage paid*, with the payment, to N. Davis. To ministers or others who become agents, *twenty-five* copies will be sent for five dollars. Subscribers in the city will be expected to call at the Depository for their numbers monthly. It will not be sent to any one until the pay for it shall have been received.

NOAH DAVIS.

Philadelphia, Dec. 31, 1829.

POLITICAL.

By an arrival at N. York, Liverpool papers have been received to the 8th January—The following extracts are from the N. York Daily Advertiser.

By accounts from various parts of Europe, the winter has been extremely severe in all parts of the continent.

The revenue of Great Britain, at the close of the past year, shewed a deficiency, which, it was supsupposed, would prove to be about a million sterling.

The President's Message was received by the packet ship Silas Richards, Capt. Holdridge, on the 5th of January. The Silas Richards sailed from this port on the 10th of December.

There appears to be nothing later from Portugal or Greece.

The Six Districts of Servia have been reincorporated by a Hatti Scheriff of the Sultan, for which the Emperor has received the thanks of the Servians through Gen. Diebitsch.

The cotton weavers at Glasgow are said to have been better off the past year than before; and it appears that the manufacturers in London, generally, do not suffer, but the distress existing is confined to certain branches of trade.

STATE OF TRADE.—The Leeds Mercury states that there was no improvement in the fancy trade. In some of the manufacturing towns trade was very dull, and in others, the poor were better employed than for many years past in the winter season.

The Liverpool Committee for promoting the opening of the trade to India and China have commenced their preparations for the ensuing session of Parliament.

LONDON, Jan. 4th.—Mails have arrived since our last from various quarters—from France, Germany, Russia, Denmark. All agree in regard to one point—the early commencement and the intensity of the cold. In Holland the Maese, and other great rivers are frozen over, while in Denmark and the south of Sweden the snow lies very deep on the ground. The severity of the weather, if it be a subject of regret, as regards the poor, is certainly very opportune in respect to the health of the southeast of Europe, where the pestilential contagion is not yet at an end.—The accounts received from there to-day state, that the infection had spread to the frontiers of Servia, and would, had not timely precaution been taken, have caused a considerable mortality both there and in Little Wallachia.

The Paris Journals of Sunday arrived this morning at the Office of the Morning Herald. One of them the Messager des Chambres, contains the following paragraph, which we translate a la lettre, without by any means vouching for its accuracy.

PARIS, January 3.—At eleven o'clock last night it was announced as certain that the Ministry would be modified, by removing from the Council Messrs. Courvoisier, Chabrol, and De Haursez. M. De Berthier, it is said, is appointed Minister of the Interior, M. Dudon of the Marine, M. De Peyronnet of the Seals, M. De Montbel to take the Department of the Finance. Thus the Ministry would be formed of elements perfectly homogeneous, and we may expect that the most violent plans would be adopted without opposition.

ST. PETERSBURGH, Dec. 18.—Count Matuscewitz, and Marquis Paulucci, Governor of Riga, arrived here on the 15th of last month.

His Majesty has been pleased to confirm the statutes of an institution for the education of females, under the protection of her Majesty the Empress. The sum assigned for its support is 40,653 rubles. Lake Oncia was frozen over on the 28th ult. so that it has been open for navigation this year 198 days.

FROM THE DANUBE, Dec. 21.—It is reported that the heir of one of the greatest Sovereign houses of Germany will marry a sister of Prince Gustavus Vasa. It is also said that Don Miguel has asked the hand of the Princess of Kaunitz, but that she has refused.

TURKEY.—According to accounts from Constantinople to the 27th of Nov. the capital remained perfectly tranquil, notwithstanding the alleged embarrassment of the treasury, and the reported inability of the Government to pay the troops. It is said that several offers of loans on advantageous terms have been made to the Porte by different capitalists, which have been rejected, a fact somewhat at variance with the alleged pecuniary embarassments of the Porte. The splendid ball given on board the British frigate Blonde, which was attended by a great number of distinguished Turks, several of whom accommodated themselves without scruple to European customs, has been followed by a grand ball and supper given at the hotel of the French legation by Count Guillminot on the 22d of Nov. One of the Turks present, one of the Sultan's Aids-de-camp, danced a cotillion. The Sultan was about to give an entertainment to the European Ministers in the grand hall of the Divan, in the arsenal.

PERA, Nov. 27.—Yesterday we received positive information of the departure of the Russian head quarters from Adrianople. Count Diebitsch has transferred them to Bourgas, and intends to remain there till the fine season. Some persons, however, say he will immediately embark for Odessa, and thence proceed to St. Petersburgh. On the departure of the Russian troops from Adrianople, many Christian families accompanied them, intending to settle in Russia. In general, a fear of reaction had seized the whole population of Romelia; and it is strange to see the inhabitants, in general the most peaceable subjects in the world, make preparations which indicate a desperate resistance, in case the Turkish governors spoken of, on their return, should bring their usual spirit of persecution and oppression.

PORTUGAL.—By the arrival of the Brazilian mail, we learn that the Empress of Brazil, and the Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, were received on the 17th October, (with the honors due their rank) at Rio, with the greatest enthusiasm, and that the period between that date and the 27th was occupied in holding courts, levees, &c.: but it is of some importance to know that Donna Maria held her own court separately from that of Brazil, and received all the Brazilian Ministers as Queen of Portugal. The Emperor has established her, with her court, in a suitable house, in character with her rank, which of course she is now to maintain. Official despatches, declaratory of the intentions of the Emperor to maintain the rights of his daughter to the crown of Portugal, are expected daily.

SPAIN.—The amnesty proclaimed by Ferdinand on the 21st ult., about which so much has been said, turns out to be a mere mockery. It only includes fourteen exiles, and the sentences of all these, excepting two, were just about to expire.

TURIN.—It would appear that the Court of Turin is excessively alarmed at the turn which the internal affairs of France has taken; and that has already begun to concert measures with the other Italian Powers for their mutual security, which it thinks is compromised by the contest between "the Royalists and the Revolutionists," as the two parties are termed under the Rubrick, from which these particulars are taken.

The French papers contain a notice of another canal of some importance, viz.—from Roanne to Digoin. This is quite in the interior of the kingdom, and in the upper part of the course of the Loire. The estimated expense, 260,000*l.* is already subscribed.

We learn from Capt. Philips, of the ship Liverpool, arrived last evening from Lisbon, that the country was in a very unsettled state, and that many persons of respectability have been recently imprisoned. Many persons were obliged to fly the country on account of their political opinions.—*N. Y. Dai. Adv.*

Letters from Calcutta, noticed in the London papers of December 29, state that the forgeries, which had been recently discovered at the former place, were supposed to amount to 180,000 pounds sterling. Several European houses had suffered, but none of the agency houses. A great sensation had been excited at the Bazaar, and no business had been done at the Treasury for three days. Paper and Bank Stock were quite unsaleable, though private credit had not suffered materially. The forgeries were so skilfully executed that interest on false notes had been frequently paid at the Treasury. The perpetrators of these frauds had not been detected; but two or three natives had incurred suspicion. Very serious accounts were expected at Calcutta from the other cities, to which it was supposed that these operations had been extenped.

Imports and Exports.—From the official Report of the Register of the Treasury Department, it appears that the imports during the year ending the 30th of September, have amounted to $74,492,527, of which amount $69,325,552 were imported in American vessels, and $5,166,975 in foreign vessels.

That the exports have, during the same period, amounted to $72,358,671, of which $55,700,103 were of domestic produce, and $16,658,478 of foreign produce; that of domestic articles, $46,974,554 were exported in American vessels, and $8,725,639 in foreign vessels; and of the foreign articles, $15,114,-887 were exported in American vessels, and $1,543,-591 in foreign vessels. That 872,946 tons of American shipping entered, and 944,799 cleared from the ports of the United States; and that 130,743 tons of foreign shipping entered, and 133,006 cleared during the same period.

The Western papers inform us, that the legislature of Kentucky have incorporated a company for the purpose of constructing a Rail Road from Lexington to some point (not designated) on the Ohio; the amount of stock $ 1,000,000, with the privilege of increasing it, at the pleasure of the stockholders, to $2,000,000. The price of transportations is to be regulated by the legislature. The work is to be commenced within three and completed within ten years thereafter.

It appears that there are two hundred and seventeen liberal journals in France, and twenty-seven royalists. To the former there are 283,000 subscribers, and only 34,000 to the royalist. The latter have less than half a million of francs, while the liberal prints enjoy an income of nearly two millions. These facts are asserted by a Parisian correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle, and are stated to be authenticated by the averments of the French papers itself.

The Detroit Journal says:—When we look abroad on the level surface of our territory and reflect at what a comparatively trifling expense a rail road might be constructed from Lake Erie to Lake Michigan, and the great national advantages which would accrue, we become more earnest in our wishes, that the General Government should take the first step towards the accomplishment of so desireable an object, by ordering the necessary surveys.

From the Albany Argus of Tuesday.

CHENANGO BANK.—We undertand that the state treasurer and the banks in this city yesterday stopped receiving the notes of this institution probably for a good reason. But we suggest to the holders of the bills not to sacrifice them, as this bank has recently filed its assent to the bank law, and the safety fund is pledged for their redemption. It is proper to add, as a proof of the value of the commission appointed under the bank law, that the commissioner on the part of the state, has recently made his examination into the affairs of the institution, and is now there, with one of his associates, in the farther prosecution of his official duties.

The Salt Springs.—By the report of the Superintendent and the Inspector of the Onondaga Salt Springs, it appears that during 1828 there were 1,160,388 bushels inspected; and in 1829, 1,291,820; showing an increase of 130,932 bushels.

Of this, 745,741 bushels were inspected at Salina, 229,317 at Syracuse, 187,540 at Liverpool, and 129,-222 at Geddes.

The number of manufactories has been increased during the past year, notwithstanding the reduction in the price of salt; and the quality of the brine has been improved, and the quantity increased, by means of perforations into the earth, to a depth of about sixty feet, so that the assurance is given of a supply to the utmost that will probably ever become necessary.

We perceive by the annual report of the Commissioners of the Canal Fund, made on Saturday, that the estimated revenue to that fund from the salt duty for 1830, is $150,000.

Expense of Legislation.—The expense of the present session of Congress is set down in the estimate of the Treasury department at 665,050 dollars. The session is estimated to last 175 days, or nearly six months, so that the pay of each member will amount to $1400; or $375,800 for the whole number of Members and Delegates; besides the round sum of $120,000 for travelling expenses. The stationary, fuel, printing, &c. for the Senate are estimated at 35,000, and for the House of Representatives $100,000.

It is stated in Washington letters, that the committee of the House of Representatives on Post Roads, have instructed their chairman to report against the petitions for stopping the mails on Sunday.

Benevolence to Seamen.—It gratifies us to see that it is proposed in Charleston to form a Reading Room for Seamen.—This class of men, generally so interesting in their characters, so useful—so indispensable to the public, and presenting so many peculiar claims to the friendly exertions of their fellow men have lately began to derive great advantages from benevolent associations formed for their benefit. In this city the Bethel Church and the Seamen's Bank for Savings, with the "Seamen's Friend," and the operations of Societies for their advantage, have been attended with great success; and we regard in the most favourable light every attempt made in their favour in other places, as a co-operation for the same good objects.—*N. Y. Dai. Adv.*

It is stated that Col. Roger Jones, the Adj't-General, is under arrest by Major General McComb; on a question of etiquette, growing out of orders given by the Secretary at War, which did not pass through Major General McComb as commander-in-Chief.

The Savannah Republican mentions, that the Green and Pulaski Monument is at last completed. It is a simple obelisk of white marble, of the following dimensions: The base is 20 feet by 11. The pedestal 8 feet 5 inches by 4 feet 8¼ rising 13 feet and surmounted by a cornice of one foot. The needle is 5 feet 4 inches at the base and 4 by 2 feet 3 at the apex—rising 36 feet. The pedestal is formed of 12 pieces, each 1 foot 7 inches in height, and the needle of seven pieces each 5 feet 1¾ in height, and weighing together 56,000 lbs.—The altitude of the whole 50 feet.—*N. Y. Dai. Adv.*

Sewing Silk has been manufactured in Arkansas, which is pronounced decidedly superior in point of strength to the Italian. The worms which produced the material were fed on leaves of the common forest mulberry.

The Boston Courier states, that the usual spring sale of domestic goods, will take place in that city in the course of the next month.

Snow at the South.—The Raleigh N. C. Register, says the snow fell there on Saturday night and Sunday to the depth of seven inches—being the greatest fall of snow in that vicinity for several years.

The Fayetville Journal mentions, that the weather, which had been very mild before, suddenly changed a few days, and snow fell to the depth of 4 or 5 inches, which is said to be deeper than at any time before for several years.

In Virginia an unusual quantity of snow has fallen. In Richmond it was about a foot deep, a few days since.

Chancellor Lansing.—The body of this venerable man has been found about twelve miles from New-York on the Jersey shore, and carried to Albany for interment.

Melancholy Accident.—On Monday the 4th inst. Mr. John Polly, of Stockbridge, while attempting to escape from danger, was struck across the back by the limb of a falling tree, and survived but about five hours. Mr. Polly we are informed was a very respectable man and a good citizen.—He was about 25 years of age.—*Berkshire Journal.*

At the session of the Supreme Court just closed in Middlebury, Vt. *eight bills of divorce* were granted. This is doing business somewhat like old Kentuck; where a standing title in their laws is said to be, "An act to divorce a *multitude* of men and women." These decrees certainly argufy much in favor of the state of "single blessedness."

A sharper named Erastus Cutt, recently stole a horse in Ohio, and sold him to the owner, disguised with a new tail and painted face. This is the sharpest Cutt we ever heard of.

Distressing.—We are informed that the dwelling house of Aaron Atwood, Esq. of Gouverneur, was consumed by fire on the night of Thursday or Friday last, and that a son, about 14 years of age, perished in the flames! We have not learned the particulars of this calamity, further than that most of the family were absent when the fire broke out.—*St. Law. Gaz.*

The Eastern Argus mentions a report that the dwelling of Mr. Stevens, of Greene, Kennebec co. was burnt on the night of the 4th inst. and his wife and infant child perished in the flames.

More Victims to Charcoal.—On Sunday night, Jan. 31st, Mr. Ockford, from England, foreman in the Northfield Woollen Factory, and his wife, took into their chamber a furnace, partly filled with live coals, from the kitchen fire. In the morning they were found dead. Mrs. O. appeared to have died without a struggle. Coals from the fire-place, let it be remembered, are nothing more or less than charcoal.

The tavern house of Mr. David Carpenter, in Leyden, was destroyed by fire on Thursday evening last.—*Greenfield Gaz.*

On the 6th inst. the patent candle factory of Mr. Senter, in Cincinnati, Ohio, was burnt down. About eighty boxes of candles, and a quantity of tallow, were also destroyed.

A blacksmith shop, and another shop occupied in manufacturing saddle trees, &c. in rear of the new dwelling erected by Mr. John Watts, sadler, in Rochester, were destroyed by fire a few days since.

Highland Grove Academy Burnt!—On Thursday evening the house at Fishkill Landing, N. Y. occupied by Messrs. Kent and Jones, late of the Andover Theological Seminary, as a High School, was consumed by fire. All the furniture was saved. The house was insured for part of its value. The fire originated from a pan of coals left in the wash room to prevent the water works from freezing.

Easton, Pa. Feb. 5.

On Friday last a young man hunting in the woods near this borough, was attracted to a particular spot by the barking of his dog. On reaching the place, he discovered a male infant; dead, naked and entirely frozen! Upon examination of it, the Jury of Inquest were of opinion, that it was born alive, and came to its death by the wilful neglect of its mother in mercilessly exposing it to the inclemency of the weather immediately after its birth. The supposed mother is now in prison, awaiting her trial for this offence against humanity and the laws.

The next Census.—The Committee on the subject of the fifth census estimate the population of 1820, as follows: free population, 10,650,000; slaves, 1,950,-000; total, 12,600,000.—They recommend a ratio of 50,000 for the representation in the House of Representatives, which they believe will not increase that body beyond the number of 225 members.

Literary Cobler.—In Weber's Northern Antiquities is to be found the following instance of literary application, which, taking all circumstances into consideration, is perhaps without parallel: Hans Sacks was born in Nuremburg, in the year 1494. He was brought up to the trade of a shoemaker, but at 14 began the practice of writing, and continued to make songs and shoes, plays and pumps, boots and books, until the 77th year of his age. At this time he took an inventory of his poetical stock in trade, and found, according to his narrative, that his works filled 32 folio volumes, all written with his own hand! and consisted of 4200 master ship songs, 208 comedies, tragedies and farces, (some of which extended to seven acts,) 1700 fables, tales, and miscellaneous poems, 73 devotional, military, and love songs, making a sum total of 6,048 pieces great and small! Out of these we are informed, he culled as many as filled three massive folios, which were published in the years 1556-61, and another edition being called for, he increased this to six volumes folio, by an abridgment of his other works.

Mrs. Butler wife of Doct. Elizur Butler, physician and catechist in the Cherokee nation, died in a very happy state of mind, at Haweis, her place of residence, Nov. 21st. Mrs. B. commenced her labours among the Cherokees in Jan. 1821. Teaching a female school has occupied most of her attention, and she has been very successful in it. Her health has been declining for a year or two.

MARRIED.

At Ashford, Mr. Charles Irons, to Miss Sarah Weeks.

At Springfield, Ms. Mr. Alsop Birdsey, to Miss Asenath Chapin. Mr. Wm. H. Thomson, to Miss Clarinda Cross. Mr. John P. Robinson, to Miss Olive Crosby.

At Boston, Mr. John J. Fisk, to Miss Mary L. Eaton.

DIED.

In this city, on the 17th inst. Mr. George J. Patten, long known as Principal of the *Literary School* in this city.

In this city, John Patterson aged 37.

At Lyme, on the 5th inst. Capt. David Brockway, aged 60 years.

At Stratford, Rev. Joel Wilcoxson, of the Methodist Church, aged 65.

At Westfield, Ms. on the 11th inst. Maj. Thomas J. Douglas, aged 82 years, a patriot of the revolution. Mrs. Eunice Sackett, 83.

At Springfield. Ms. Miss Sophia Hall, 23. Mrs. Eunice Jones, 80. Mr. Charles Bliss, 33. Mr. Joseph Williams, 26. Miss Ann Robinson, 22.

At New York, Col. Henry Rutgers, aged 85.

At Anapolis, Md. where he had gone to spend the winter, Dr. Wm. Adams, aged 103, formerly of Schenectady.

At his seat in Hampshire, Eng. on the 11th Dec. Lieut. Gen. Sir Henry Clinton.

At Spanish town, Jamaica, on the 21st November, Mrs. Judith Crawford, aged 151 years. She had the powers of her bodily strength, as well as her faculties, until within a few years since, and they were not so much diminished as to reduce her to second childishness. She remembered the dreadful earthquake of 1692.

At the head of Elliot River, Prince Edward Island, Dec. 24, Mrs. Mary Gibbons, aged 107 years. She was a native of Holland, and emigrated about 82 years ago to South Carolina, at which time she was married, and the mother of a family. At a subsequent period she settled in P. E. Island. She retained her faculties to the last, and walked without assistance across her room the day before she died.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having made some different arrangement in his business, would inform those indebted to him, that an immediate settlement is necessary.

GEORGE MITCHELL.

The business will hereafter be conducted under the firm of

MITCHELL, HINMAN & CO.

WHO OFFER FOR SALE AN ASSORTMENT OF

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,

together with a *general assortment of GOODS for PEDLARS.*

GEORGE MITCHELL,
D. B. HINMAN,
GEORGE H. MITCHELL.

Bristol, 16th Feb. 1830.

IMPROVED PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

PHILEMON CANFIELD,

HAVING removed his Office to a building erected for the purpose, (entrance a few rods east of his former stand in Central Row) respectfully informs the public, that he has made considerable additions to his office, including a

POWER PRESS,

Founts of New Type, &c. &c.

He is now prepared to execute orders for printing

Books, Cards, Handbills, &c. &c.

With greater despatch than any other office in the state.

LOST,

A few weeks since, (perhaps taken from his office by mistake,) a large Cotton Umbrella, a superior article, ivory tips and handle. Likewise, an ever pointed Silver Pencil Case, on which was the day of the month. Whoever will return either of the above articles, shall receive a liberal reward. P. CANFIELD.

MRS. JUDSON'S MEMOIRS.

A few copies of the Third Edition of this very valuable work, are for sale at this office. Likewise, the

CHURCH MEMBER'S GUIDE,

A very useful and popular work.

Feb. 19, 1830.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY.

Having been duly organized, are now ready to receive proposals of FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE, at their office in State-Street, a few doors west of Front-Street.

THIS Institution was incorporated by the Legislature of this state at their last session, for the purpose of effecting Fire and Marine Insurance. Its capital is ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, with liberty to increase the same to Half a Million of Dollars. The first named sum is all paid in or secured, and the whole amount ($150,000) is vested in Bank Funds, Mortgages and approved indorsed notes; all which, on the shortest notice, could be converted into Cash and appropriated to the payment of losses.

The Directors pledge themselves to issue policies on as favourable terms as any other Office in the United States; and by fairness and liberality in conducting the business of the Company, they expect to gain the confidence of the public.

WM. W. ELLSWORTH, President.

Thomas C. Perkins, Secretary.

POETRY.

From the Iris.

HAGER AND ISHMAEL,

Or, the Fountain in the Wilderness.

The cruse was spent—and in the sultry wild
Sat the pale mother by her fainting child—
Watching in agony the din eclipse
Of those gazelle-like eyes—his parching lips
Again in low imperfect murmur sigh
Their vain request—"Oh! water or I die!"
To her who, could it aught avail, would give
Her heart's warm stream to bid him drink and live.

The sickly breathings of the sirroc blast,
That swept in withering fury through the waste,
Urging, with giddy force, the troubled sea
Of wave-like sands, that roll tumultuously;
All, have scathed her—and the inward flame
Of fiercest thirst, consumes her fevered frame.
Yet are these mingled sufferings all forgot
In this dread hour—as though she felt them not;
For she is reckless of all ills below,
Save the deep anguish of maternal wo.

His eyes unclose;—Oh! can the mother brook
The mute appeal of that heart piercing look
Which mournfully, in touching silence, says,
"Must I die here, unsheltered from the blaze
Of yon bright sun?"—Ah, no! beneath the shade
Of one lone shrub she tenderly hath laid
The fainting boy,—then turned her from the spot,
And sat her down apart, but not remote;
For "Let me not behold"—in smothered tone,
She says—"thy death, my child—my precious one!"
Then in the travail of her soul's despair,
Lifts up her voice to God in fervent prayer;
While from the fount of wo, long sealed and dried,
Burst floods of tears in agonizing tide.
The gracious Lord hath heard the mourner's cry:
He spake from heaven—light shineth from on high:
"Fear not,"—he says, "arise, sustain the child!
The Lord hath heard his weeping in the wild.
The boy shall live,—for I have sworn to make
A mighty nation for his father's sake
Of him—and of his children, who shall stand,
Unfailing witnesses to every land,
Of me, and of the wonders of my word,
Till the whole earth shall glorify the Lord."*

The clouds disperse,—and Faith's returning light
Hath cleared the mists and shades from Hager's sight
Her open eyes with ecstasy behold
A fountain in the desert, fresh and cold,
Before unseen, though gushing brightly near
In its pure depths as orient diamond clear.
Her trembling heart o'erflows with eager joy,
She fills the cruse, and whispers—"Drink my boy!
Drink of the living stream in mercy given,
And lift thy soul with mine, in praise to heaven!"
He drinks—he lives—a holier draught to taste,
For "God was with him in the lonely waste."

* Like the dispersed and persecuted Jews, the descendants of Ishmael are living witnesses of the truth of Holy Writ. Unchanged in customs and manners, the Arab hunter of the desert is precisely in the same state as he was three thousand years ago. Although less noticed by those that "search the Scriptures," the Arabian, like the Jewish nation, remains an unfailing witness of the power of God.

NIGHT.

BY R. MONTGOMERY.

Another day is added to the mass
Of buried ages. Lo! the beauteous moon,
Like a fair shepherdess, now comes abroad,
With her full flock of stars, that roam around
The azure meads of heaven. And oh! how charmed
Beneath her loveliness, creation looks;
Far gleaming hills, and light in weaving streams,
And sleeping boughs with dewy lustre clothed,
And green-haired valleys—all in glory dressed,
Make up the pageantries of Night. One glance
Upon old Ocean, where the woven beams
Have braided her dark waves. Their roar is hushed;
Her billowy wings are folded up to rest;
Till once again the wizard winds shall yell,
And tear them into strife.
A lone owl's hoot—
The waterfall's faint drip—or insect stir
Among the emerald leaves—or infant wind
Rifling the pearly lips of sleeping flowers—
Alone disturb the stillness of the scene.

Spirit of All! as up yon star-hung deep
Of air, the eye and heart together mount,
Man's immortality within him stirs,
And Thou art all around! Thy beauty walks
In airy music o'er the midnight heavens;
Thy glory's shadowed on the slumbering world.

RELIGION, THE UNFADING FLOWER.

BY HEBER.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found,
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike Divine.

Dependant on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

From the Natural History of Enthusiasm.

INTERNAL POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

The early triumph of the Gospel over the fascinating idolatries and the atheism of Greece and Rome, has been often (and conclusively) insisted upon, as evidence of its truth. With that argument we have nothing now to do; but if the subject were not a very hackneyed one, it might well be passed over in all its details, in proof of a different point—namely, the innate power of the religion of the Bible to vanquish the hearts of men. An opponent may here choose his alternative; either let him grant that Christianity triumphed because it was true and divine; or let him deny that it had any aid from Heaven. In the former case, we shall be entitled to infer that the religion of God must at length, universally prevail; or in the latter, strongly argue that this doctrine possesses almost an omnipotence of intrinsic force, by which it obtained success under circumstances of opposition, such as made its triumph seem even to its enemies miraculous: and on this ground, the expectation of its future prevalence cannot be thought unreasonable.

But if there were room to imagine that the first spread of Christianity was owing rather to an accidental conjecture of favoring circumstances, than to its real power over the human mind, or if it might be thought that any such peculiar virtue was all spent and exhausted in its first expansive effort, then it is natural to look to the next occasion in which the opinions of mankind were put in fermentation, and to watch in what manner the system of the Bible rode over the high billows of political, religious, and intellectual commotion. It was a fair trial for Christianity, and a trial essentially different from its first, when in the fifteenth century, after having been corrupted in every part to a state of loathsome ulceration, it had to contend for existence, and to work its own renovation, at the moment of the most extraordinary expansion of the human intellect that has ever happened. At that moment, when the splendid literature of the ancient world stared from its tomb, and kindled a blaze of universal admiration; at that moment, when the first beams of sound philosophy broke over the nations; and when the revival of the useful arts gave at once elasticity to the minds of the million, and a check of practical influence to the minds of the few; at the moment when the necromancy of the press came into play to explode necromancy of every other kind; and when the discovery of new continents, and of a new path to the old, tended to supplant a taste for whatever is visionary, by imparting a vivid taste for what is substantial; at such a time, which seemed to leave no chance of continued existence to aught that was not in its nature vigorous, might it not confidently have been said, this must be the crisis of Christianity? If it be not inwardly sound—if it be a thing of feebleness and dotage, fit only for cells, and cowls, and the precincts of spiritual despotism; if it be not adapted to the world of action; if it have no sympathy with the feelings of men—of freemen: nothing can save it: no power of princes, no devices of priests, will avail to rear it anew, and to replace it in the veneration of the people; or at least in any country, where has been felt the freshening gale of intellectual life. The result of this crisis need not be narrated.

It may even be doubted—had not Christianity been fraught with power—if all the influence of kings, and craft of priests, could have upheld it in any part of Europe, after the revival of learning; certainly not in those countries which received at the same time the invigoration of political liberty, and science, and commerce.

Whether the religion for which the reformers suffered, "was from heaven or of men," is not the question; but whether it is not a religion of robust constitution, framed to endure and to spread and to vanquish the hearts of men? With the history of the fifteenth and sixteenth century in view, it is asked if Christianity is a system that must always lean on ignorance, and craft, and despotism, and which, when those rotten stays are removed, must fail and be seen no more?

Yet another species of trial was in store to give proof of the indestructibility and victorious power of Christianity. It remained to be seen whether, when the agitations, political and moral, consequent upon the great schism which had taken place in Europe, had subsided, and when the season of slumber and exhaustion came on, and when human reason, polished and tempered by physical science and elegant literature, should awake fully to the consciousness of its powers; whether then the religion of the Bible could retain its hold of the nations; or at least of those of them that enjoyed without limit the happy influences of political liberty, and intellectual light. This was a sort of crisis which Christianity had not before passed through.

And what were the omens under which it entered upon the new trial of its strength?—Were the friends of Christianity, at that moment of portentous conflict, awake, and vigilant, and stout hearted, and thoroughly armed to repel assaults? The very reverse was the fact. For at the instant when the atheistical conspiracy made its long concerted, and well advised, and consentaneous, and furious attack, there was scarcely a pulse of life left in the Christian body, in any one of the Protestant states. The old superstitions had crawled back into many of their ancient corners. The spirit of protestation against those superstitions had breathed itself away in trivial wranglings, or had given place to infidelity—infidelity aggravated by stalled hypocrisy. The Church of England—the chief prop of modern Christianity, was torpid, and fainting under the incubus of false doctrine, and a secular spirit, and seemed incapable of the effort which the peril of the time demanded; none of her sons were panoplied, and sound hearted, as champions in such a cause should be. Within a part only of a small body of Dissenters (for a part was smitten with the plague of heresy) and that part in great measure disqualified from free and energetic action by rigidities, and scruples, and divisions—was contained almost all the religious life and fervour any where to be found in Christendom.

Meanwhile, the infidel machinators had chosen their ground at leisure, and were wrought to the highest pitch of energy, by a confident, and as it might well seem, a well founded hope of success. They were backed by the secret wishes, or the undissembled cheerings of almost the entire body of educated men throughout Europe. They used the only language then common to the civilized world, and a language which might be imagined to have been framed and finished designedly to accomplish the demolition of whatever was grave and venerated;—a language beyond any other, of raillery, of insinuation, and of sophistry; a language of polished missiles, whose temper could penetrate not only to the cloak of imposture but the shield of truth.

At the same portentous moment, the shocks and upheavings of political commotion omened a thousand fissures in the ancient structure of moral and religious sentiment, and the enemies of Christianity, surprised by unexampled success, rushed forward to achieve an easy triumph. The firmest and wisest friends of old opinions desponded, and many probably believed that a few years would see Atheism, the universal doctrine of the western nations, as well as military despotism the only form of government.

It is hard to imagine a single advantage that was lacking to the promoters of infidelity, or a single circumstance of peril and ill omen that was not present to deepen the gloom of the friends of religion. The actual issue of that signal crisis is before our eyes in the freshness of a recent event. Christianity—we ask not whether for the benefit or the injury of the world—has triumphed; the mere fact is all that concerns our argument. But shall it be said—or if said, be believed, that the late resurrection of the religion of the Bible has been managed in the cabinets of monarchs? Have kings and emperors given this turn to public opinion, which now compels infidelity to hide its shame behind the very mask of hypocrisy that it had so lately torn from the face of the priest? To come home to facts with which all must be familiar;—has there not been heard within the last few years from the most enlightened, the most sober minded, and the freest people of Europe, a firm, articulate, spontaneous and cordial expression of preference, and of enhanced veneration towards Christianity? Again then we ask—not if this religion be true, but if it has not, even beneath our own observation, given proof enough of indestructible vigor?

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING!

The following simple and very touching account of the death-bed scenes of one of the precious lambs of the flock of Christ, has been furnished us by a very distant correspondent, with permission to present it, for the first time, to the Christian public. The joyful sufferer was the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, whose life of active piety was brought to a close by a year of severe illness from a very distressing disease; and the account was written, in a letter to a relative, by her surviving sister. The whole appears to us richly to merit the gentle commendation of our correspondent. It is written with affectionate simplicity, and may serve to exemplify the words of the apostle, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!"—*Phila. Recorder.*

MY DEAR COUSIN:—I suppose you have heard from my dear mother, of the long illness of my dear sister. About nine or ten months ago she was seized with a violent and continued sickness, which reduced her to skin and bone. After a short season of partial relief her sickness returned, though with less violence. Still our hopes were restored by her being able to take food with some appetite, then again they seemed to vanish, and again the disorder flattered us. But "God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts." And at length our dear father and mother and all of us submitted to His will, who has taught us to say in all our afflictions, "Not my will, but thine be done." Yes, my dear friend, I believe there was not one among us who wished to detain her a moment longer from her God and Saviour when her happy spirit left the "earthly hours of her tabernacle."

The faith and patience of the dear sufferer was strengthened all the time of her illness "that she might both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God." The last three weeks of her sorrowing among us was a most anxious time indeed, while we watched beside her, repeating to her every now and then when she asked us, some precious text of scripture, some sweet promise, which she called a "pillow," because she found in it through the Holy Spirit rest to her soul. On reading a portion of His holy word, we beheld her patience and how she "washed her robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." She washed them saying, "Wash me, wash me, wash me, now say wash me in that blood."

About two weeks before her death, she had a very interesting conversation with my sister about the Bridegroom of her soul and other promises fulfilled to her. She had many sweet conversations with our dear father and mother, talking about that blessed world whither she was about to take her flight. Many prayers were put up to God for her by her dear mother who used before she retired to rest to repeat to her some precious promises, such as, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee, the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." "The Lord strengthen thee upon the bed of languishing, and make all thy bed in thy sickness." How graciously the Lord answered her prayers and fulfilled her desire, was manifest to us all, and—oh how much we owe to God for his loving-kindness and tender mercies in not afflicting our dear C. with very great pain, enabling her to bear whatever he laid upon her, not only without murmuring, but with many expressions of gratitude and praise; always remembering also to thank those whose monrnful pleasure it was to administer to her wants, and as soon as they were supplied as far as we were able, she would say, "Now give me a pillow," (read a promise.) "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." "Thank you," she would say, "I am much obliged to you, that is very sweet."

One night as those around her were making her bed, she lying on the sofa, she appeared to suffer much from weakness and fatigue, but did not complain. Apparently unmindful of what was passing around her, she held communion with her God—"My Lord and my God," she repeated three times; "My Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee—yes, I do much: thou knowest, thou knowest—my Lord and my God! I think he will come and turn the gloom of night to perfect day;" then repeating again the same words, said, "Yes,, yes! His banner over me is love, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Oh what mercies do I receive continually from my God." Again she repated thrice, "The Lord is my Shepherd." At another time, when much tried by extreme weakness, "Well, never mind; I am not my own, I am bought with a price—the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins—Jesus! the friend of sinners and the hope of glory; a man like ourselves who can pity us; pity me. What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee. Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid, O blessed Jesus! He came to call sinners to repentance." Repeating it again she said, "I want to have no other thought than that all day. On the mount of transfiguration the disciples could not behold his glory; but how far short that was to the hope of glory we have; ah! far indeed!" One day she desired my brother B. to pray with her. He began—and she in broken sentences said, "We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord." He proceeded and she triumphantly added, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory—the victory—the victory." He concluded the verse, and she said "Amen—amen—amen." When he rose from prayer, she affectionately took his hand while he pronounced the blessing from Num. vi. 24—26, and repeating to him the same words, added, "and give thee a blessing—a blessing in thine hand."

"Is my child comfortable now?" said her mother to her on a certain occasion. "Yes, no cares now." "Well, my child will be safely carried through the waters of Jordan." "Yes, I feel that I am borne up in the ark in the midst of Jordan—no terrors—no terrors—I am not in death, not at the grave. To be sure it is before me, but never mind, it will soon be behind me—ah! it is well it is Jordan, for the waters were divided and they passed through on dry ground. Is it boasting to say, I am borne up in the ark in the midst of Jordan?" "No, my child; it is the privilege of God's children to feel they are safe." "The sting of death," continued C. "is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but its sting is withdrawn." They both concluded with the chorus, "thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Did the Lord then arise and help our dear sister in time of need, in time of her tribulation, and in the hour of death? He did. I need not tell you of the distressing part of the last few days; it is sufficient to say—"if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." Both oil and wine were not wanting from the Lord our righteousness, and relief for the outward man just ready to perish, was not wanting either. After God had taken away from her the power of taking nourishment, it was but a little while, a day or two, and He took from her the desire also. He provided a bottle in the wilderness. Our dear mother bathed her hands and temples with vinegar, and she said, "O! refreshment, refreshment! I never felt refreshment like that." When she could only take the juice of one grape, and asked for a promise—I said—"He that cometh unto me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." The drop which adhered to the spoon after being dipped in syrup was her portion—and in that state of extreme weakness we assembled together to receive with her the communion of the body and blood of Christ, and as a token that the Lord was present with her, she afterwards so revived as to be able to take a little food, and said "you see I am eating my supper." The day after being Sunday she desired the prayers of the church. It was her last Sabbath on earth. When we looked upon the dear sufferer we might have thought she had nothing to do but to die—to resign her sweet spirit into His hands who gave it, and who redeemed it by his precious blood—but on the following Tuesday, she revived again, and calling us all around her bed, she said to our dear father. "Numbers vi." He read the 24—25 verses. After that she said "prayer," then she afterwards said "1 John i." After he had read the first three verses she spoke on them with astonishing animation, making it manifest to all that her faith was truly "the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen." In the afternoon she had some conversation with B. and after desiring us to stand again round her bed, he repeated the blessing from Num. vi. She then said "prayer." Afterwards she spread out her hands as she sat up leaning against a pillow, and said, "One God—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; one fellowship—one communion—one bond of love to unite us all, both absent and present! Farewell!" It was a most interesting sight to see her thus "out of weakness become strong."

The following day, she entered into that "rest which remaineth for the people of God." At an early hour on that day she desired the nurse to read to her the 1st and 2d chapter of 1 John—when she had finished, dear C. repeated the 1st verse of chap. iii. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not:" and then she said "stop, I can bear no more." She was much strengthened to sustain the suffering and infirmities of the dissolving tabernacle; a joyful hope animated her countenance, a sweet composure, which could be no other than "the peace of God which passeth understanding." These, it was manifest to all, possessed her heart and mind when she was in the very act of passing, "walking through the valley of the shadow of death." Every faculty appearing alive to the things of God, awake to the glory revealed in her, seeing through that glass darkly; and if she cast an eye on things temporal, it was only to take a happy leave of her sorrowful friends, showing them by her smiles that she was blessed in him in whom all the nations of the earth are blessed," pointing at the word of God when she could no longer speak, manifesting evident pleasure when our dear father whispered some precious promise in her ear.—Then "he kneeled down and prayed with them all," concluding with those joyful words "We have a Saviour—a Saviour." Our dear mother, in the hour most tenderly afflicting to her, was enabled to say aloud, the rest silently joining with her—"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly—oh come and take my child before she struggles again." In a moment after this, contrary to the expectation of those who had seen death in some of its varied forms—all was calm! He who once said, when on earth, to the troubled ocean, "Peace, be still"—now eased the panting heart of this precious treasure—and they said to one another, "Did the Lord graciously come and hearken to the voice of prayer?" Surely every heart might answer "Yes. The Lord hearkened and heard it—He bowed down his ear and heard the cry of the poor and needy." This sweet peace lasted while she was still in the body for half an hour, when her happy spirit became "present with the Lord."

"Waiting to receive the spirit,
"Lo the Saviour stood above,
"Claim'd the purchase of his merit,
"Reached forth the crown of love."

Immediately after the blessed change, our dear mother ran down into the study and on opening the door, said, with tears of joy, "the happy spirit is fled and gone to heaven." My father and I were there—he had just finished reading and speaking on 2 Cor. v. On hearing these words, he joined in the blissful chorus, saying over and over, "gone to heaven." Those among us who had witnessed the closing scene, came in, and our hearts uniting in the joyful song, for some time praises, and tears, and sobs were mingled together, and how can I relate our feelings? Was it not joy rather than sorrow? It was sweet to hear that she who had suffered so many wearisome nights and days, was fallen "asleep in Jesus, who loved us and gave himself for us." Even in the lifeless clay we seemed to see death disarmed of its sting; we looked upon it only as a conquered enemy, knowing that to her it was "the door which shuts upon all things here, and opens immediately into the unspeakable glories of heaven." For truly she was a child of God, born again by the word of God—she could say with great joy 1 Pet. i. That chapter, she said, she had learned, that it might be her comfort on her dying bed. "I know, said she, in whom I have believed." And was not every word she had spoken like a gem treasured up in our heart? and by them she "being dead yet speaketh." But not her death only, her life bore a sweet testimony to the power of Almighty grace. Her heart was known to Him, and he hath promised a new heart. She was his workmanship. "You know," said she, "we sin always, but God will not impute sin." This was her comfort, that her iniquities were forgiven. Feeding on the bread of life herself, she loved to feed her Saviour's lambs—already the words of the King, Matt. 25, have entered into our ears and sunk down into our hearts and O that we, being the objects of such unfathomable love, may do and suffer his will, and be the blessed partakers of such glorious promises of which we are not worthy to speak or even pray for, but for his name's sake and to his glory—Amen.

The following Sunday, the precious remains were laid in the grave. It was the anniversary of her last entrance into church. The Rev. Archdeacon B. performed the service. His text was, "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them." Rev. xiv. 13. From our house to the church, a hymn of Newton, "In vain my fancy," &c., was sung by twenty of the Sunday school children who walked before. From thence to the grave, "Happy soul thy days are ended," and over the grave, "What sinners value, I resign."

I cannot tell you how deeply we feel our loss it is indeed a very great affliction—but as dear C. herself said, "Is there one thing to murmur at?—Not one." One very sweet thing she said at the time she was afflicted by continual sickness, "Now let patience have its perfect work." One of her sisters said—"In heaven the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick." She answered, "Patience is at this moment consummate in heaven, the patience and long suffering of God—what we suffer we are able to bear but God cannot bear sin."

The following anecdote of Godfrey de Bolloign, as Fairfax calls him, is curious, and, we believe, is not generally known. When that great champion of the crusaders was inaugurated king of Jerusalem, he was offered a crown which he meekly declined, saying, that he never would wear a crown of gold in the place where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns.

True goodness is not without that germ of greatness, that can bear with patience the mistakes of the ignorant, and the censures of the malignant. The approbation of God is her "exceeding great reward," and she would not debase a thing so precious by an association with the contaminating plaudits of man.